



Finding The Purpose



👁 11 ✓ 0 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Joey Moldano

Personal diary, page 1:

Thirtythree years of life gone.

Last five even without life. Without love, without luck."

For five long years now. Job is gone, I just didn't want to do it anyway. Yeah, I was good at it and came thru all those trainings, exercises, camps.

I meditate like two, even three times a day. Too much. All those things to forgot are safely forgotten now. Even some those things meant to be remembered are gone. Collatelar damage, I guess. I am empty.

Six years before that succesfully erased from memory. All of it is painfully suppressed, sealed for good.

First two years were the worst, so much pain, so expensive. It've cost me a lot.

Gained twentyfive pounds in last two years. Not good.

Writing a diary was on my mind allmost always, didn't just make time for it. But with my memory fading, it is the only way. Otherwise my life would be totaly lacking story

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1. Top notch job to make s

2. Rejoin martial arts train

Is sadly over too.)

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do and Michael (the cop)

Bring it on, tomorrow!

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